The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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FAVORABLE SIGNS.

WITHIN the last twenty-four hours two developments have distinctly strengthened the hope that Germany will meet this nation's demands squarely and in a way we can accept.

The first was Secretary Lansing's informative statement of this Government's views regarding the status of armed merchant vessels in language so precise as effectively to forestall questions or quibblings by which Germany might seek to side-step the real issue and gain time.

The second was the official circulation among the German people of carefully selected press clippings from all over the United States demonstrating that the best part of this nation stands solidly behind the President.

The latter seems significant. We have heard from all directions that the German Chancellery would never dare to yield to this country on the submarine issue because of public opinion in Germany. If the German Government were resolved to defy the United States it would hardly take the trouble to impress upon the German public the earnestness and unanimity with which Americans support the President's stand.

On the contrary its effort to get the facts before the German people clearly suggests that it desires these facts to prepare the way for and justify concessions it sees no wisdom in withholding.

Better things may be expected of the Imperial Government if it at last decides to take the German nation into its confidence and point out the strength of some of the cards against it.

"England and Ireland may flourish together. The world is large enough for us both. Let it be our Irish care not to make ourselves too little for it."—Edmund Burke.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

MANUFACTURING industries in the United States find their total expenditure for wages from 20 to 60 per cent. more than a year ago. Part of the increase, reports the Department of Labor, is due to a greater number of men employed and part to higher wages.

Wages in the iron and steel industries have gone up 60.3 per cent. in the total amount paid, while the number of men employed has increased 36 per cent. The car building industry is using 36 per cent. more men and paying wages that total 51 per cent. higher.

Producers and manufacturers all over the country have to put on extra speed to keep up with the new pace. One after another they raise wages without quite knowing how their business can stand it, trusting to the magic of prosperity to pull them through.

Is it a long-winded prosperity this time, or is it a breathless spurt started by an overstimulated group of war industries? When the war stops is this country to experience only a readjustment of mounting trade and profit, or is it to have the worst industrial and financial shake-down in its history?

Many would like to know. Those who are clamoring loudest for higher wages don't stop to ask themselves or anybody else. Yet they risk most on the answer.

A band of about fifteen Mexicans attached to no particular faction fired from ambush on an American supply train.—News despatch.

A "Who's Who in Mexico—also When" is badly needed for the use of United States troops.

TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

SIXTY-ONE PERSONS were hurt in the streets of New York each day, on an average, during 1915. Six hundred and fifty-nine of the injured died—at least two for every working day of the year.

Of the 659 killed, 290 were children under sixteen years of age; 157 of these children were run over by automobiles—passenger cars, delivery wagons or motor trucks.

Every fifty-five hours of motor traffic in the city, counting day and night, costs the life of at least one child.

Another summer is coming. The warm months when the youngsters play in the streets always show the worst record of accidents. There are not enough playgrounds to provide safety for all.

What is the city going to do to check the slaughter?

Is it going to let the automobile rush to and fro like a juggernaut through crowded sections, bringing constant peril at all hours from all directions?

Or will it still further restrict motor traffic in thickly populated districts to certain thoroughfares and certain hours so that streets where children play shall not be shambles?

Public telephones in the subway will fill a long-felt want for those who love to linger there.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A shortage of hair dyes these days is causing many a woman to turn gray.—Macon News.

* * *

The marriage that is the greatest success is the one you hear the least about.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

* * *

A whole lot of self-made men certainly are bum architects.—Columbia State.

Opportunity is the only praiseworthy knocker.—Albany Journal.

* * *

Much time is wasted by persons who imagine that they can do things for which they have no ability.

* * *

If the average man can live up to the few good things that are said of him he is doing pretty well.—Toledo Blade.

Letters From the People

A Timely Lyric.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The first bird of spring attempted to sing,
But ere he had sounded a note,
He fell from the limb—a dead bird was him—
The music had friz in his throat!

HAWKEY.

Children and Vaudeville.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Saturday evening last I thought I'd take my children to an uptown vaudeville and moving picture house. Now, children pick up words very readily. I believe that profane words spoken at different times in vaudeville shows are not the thing for mine or other children to hear. My wife was quite surprised to hear my little ones use language that they heard at this theatre. I hope sincerely that this letter will better such conditions.

Y. B.

An Interest Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is a simple problem for readers: Find the correct anticipation on the following payment, made on April 6, 1916. The payment was made for merchandise bought respectively on Feb. 3 to the amount of $2,090.84; Feb. 25, $152.78, and on March 7, $692.34; the terms on which these goods were bought being 6¼ per cent., seventy days, the interest to be figured at 6 per cent. per annum.

D. B.

New German Assault!

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

—— By Roy L. McCardell ——

"ISN'T it terrible how extravagant some people are?" said Mrs. Jarr. "Look at the Stryvers."

"Wastefulness would be sinful for a poor man on a salary like mine," admitted Mr. Jarr. "But I can't see any harm in your friend Mrs. Stryver spending her money freely."

"She only spends it freely on herself," said Mrs. Jarr. "She's one of those people who fairly burn money when it is to show off or for her own stomach, or her own back. But she lets the poor tradesmen wait for their money and the poor dressmaker. They come to her with their bills, due for months, and are as meek as Job when she tells them not to bother her."

"They are not so meek when they come to bother ME," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I'm glad they are considerate of Mrs. Stryver's feelings."

"That's because her bills are so big and the tradesmen know she has the money to pay them, and could if she wanted to," said Mrs. Jarr. "So, of course, they do not want to dun or annoy her any more than they want to dun or annoy anybody who is rich. With people who haven't the money to pay, of course they are rude and peremptory and insist on getting paid in full and at once.

"And what makes me still more angry at Mrs. Stryver and people like her," resumed Mrs. Jarr, "is the way they overtip waiters and hotel servants, hat boys, hall porters, elevator men, taxi drivers and such. But when they come to visit you and you have only one girl—say, like our Gertrude—and she has more work than she can do, anyway—and I don't blame girls for kicking about company—that sort of people NEVER think of giving the servant in the house they are visiting, and whom they are imposing upon, as much as a dime."

"I hardly think it's the proper thing for outsiders to tip our servants," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Well, I do," replied the good lady. "If you could see the way that fat old thing, Mrs. Stryver, has our Gertrude waiting on her hand and foot when she calls. 'Get me a drink of water.' 'Pick up my fan.' 'Please go down and tell my chauffeur to stop wasting gasoline,' and so on. Why, she even rapped at her window when Gertrude was passing, going to the store for me, and asked her to exercise her dog, because none of her maids would do it. And do you think she gave poor Gertrude a penny? And don't you think Uncle Henry and Aunt Hetty, from Hay Corner, might hand her a dollar when they go away, after all the extra work they made for Gertrude while visiting us?"

"Uncle Henry wouldn't hand a dollar if he was to get the Bethlehem Steel Works for it," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, it all brings me back to what I was saying," continued Mrs. Jarr. "I can't bear waste and extravagance. I'd rather have a simple meal at home than to go out anywhere and see money just thrown away on automobile riding and dinners at those terribly expensive restaurants. The last time the Stryvers took us out they spent $60. It made me sick. I could have screamed right out, and it spoiled all my enjoyment. I felt like saying 'I'd rather have the money!' Anyway, those restaurant dishes are too rich, and the Stryvers WILL make you drink champagne, and it never does agree with me; and, besides, it's against my principles."

"That's too bad," said Mr. Jarr.

"Stryver telephoned to me to-day that they were coming around in their limousine to take us out to dinner."

"Why didn't you tell me?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I'll hardly have time to dress, and I hate to rush!" And away she dashed to her boudoir.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—CARLYLE.

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

—— By Bide Dudley ——

THE Live and Let Live Section of the Women's Betterment League of Delhi met at the home of Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, the poetess with a heart and a soul, Wednesday night and enjoyed a very pleasant evening, barring an embarrassing moment furnished by the Hon. Peter P. Doolittle, father of the poetess. As a rule the section meets in Hugus Hall, but on this occasion the hall was not available because a rat had died in the wall and had not been located. Miss Doolittle, feeling that she had been entertained abundantly by the ladies, invited them to her home and they accepted.

The meeting began at 8 o'clock with Mrs. Elisha Q. Pertle presiding. First Mrs. Pertle read the report of the committee on stale bread, appointed to warn Hollins, the baker, that he'd have to do better or lose trade.

"Mr. Hollins," said Mrs. Pertle, "has informed your committee that he will serve nothing but fresh bread hereafter, since he has purchased five pigs to which he will feed the old product of his oven."

The committee's report was roundly cheered, and then Mrs. Pertle announced that Miss Doolittle would read several of her famous "food rhymes." The poetess took her stand in the bay window and read a poem on peanuts. It follows:

Peanuts grow under the ground,
I bet you didn't know that.
They never make a single sound.
They are funny-shaped and not fat.
Peanuts are really a good food,
One could really live on peanuts.
I have heard they will set you crazy,
But I do not believe we'd be "nuts."

My sister's child, Teener Ricketts,
Tickled the cat till it had a fit.
Don't do that, Teener; you little idiot!
It chased mother around the house a bit,
But, while we are on the subject of peanuts,
Chinese sell them rather bunko,
A friend of mine who married a widow,
Goes out nights and gets drunko.

It was at this point that Miss Doolittle's father caused the ladies embarrassment. He appeared in the doorway in his stocking feet and said:

"Daughter, I'm a little Johnny Bull."

The ladies were astounded, but no more so than was the poetess.

"Father!" she said. "What does this mean?"

"I thought," he replied, "that maybe you folks would like to see me do a little toe dance. I ain't got any shoes on, but"——

He got no further. Mrs. Pliny Doolittle, mother of the poetess, reached his side just then and pushed him back into the hall. A crash was heard and then silence prevailed. A moment later Mrs. Doolittle resumed her seat in the assemblage.

"Proceed, daughter!" she said. "He'll sleep that off in the barn."

"He seems to be quite merry, doesn't he?" asked Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien.

Miss Doolittle held up one hand. "I shall now read a poem on oatmeal," she said. The rhyme follows:

I'll sing you a song of oatmeal.
Put cream on it and eat it.
It's so good it would make a goat feel
Healthy and even conceited.
I put sugar on mine each morn,
My oatmeal, not my goat—
For ah! all goats I really scorn,
I suppose you are in the same boat!

My mother, Mrs. Pliny Doolittle,
Is with us to-night, dear friends.
She has written a song she will sing us.
It is called, "Woman's Work Never Ends."
But, let us return to oatmeal—
It is a food we should admire.
Mae Gillooley had a beau from Dallas.
I understand his name is Cyrus.

"Oh, I know him," said Mrs. Pete Schudd. "He's a confidence man, isn't he?"

"No, no!" said Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien. "He runs a faro bank."

"And now, ladies," said Miss Doolittle, "I shall sing you a new song."

She went to the piano and played and sang her latest ballad: "You Say You're Full of Love for Me? You're Not—You're Full of Prunes."

The ladies applauded with great gusto.

All were pleased.

Mollie of the Movies

—— By Alma Woodward ——

Scene: The studios of the Gloria Film Company.

(The cast of "A Tortured Gizzard and a Tranquil Heart" is gathered around a kitchen table on which reposes a roasting pan containing a huge turkey, ready to meet the lines of fate.)

DIRECTOR (over Mollie's shoulder)—By right, Mrs. Gale, who plays the mother, ought to roast this turk. We'd get realism by really cooking the bird and having the steam show in the film. She ought to cook it.

Mollie (scornfully)—Swell chance she's had to learn cooking! Wasn't she the heavy in the "Pearls From Paris" burlesque troupe for twelve years? The nearest she ever got to a stove was in the hick depots, waiting for the milk trains, at 3 A. M. Of course it's nothing against you, y'understand, Mrs. Gale, but when one of the company has got real home training, like me, and as long as we got to eat this animal, it might as well taste like food.

Mrs. G. (with awe) Do you sure know how to cook, Mollie, or are you only bluffing?

Mollie (indignantly)—Bluffing! Well, say, doesn't that biped look professional as he rests there? Did you ever see even an advertisement that looked more toothsome? All that's gotta be done now is baste the blooming thing.

Mrs. G. What do you mean—baste it?

Mollie (patiently)—Lissen. If you let a thing roast dry it's no good at all and what's more, it's likely to choke you to death. You gotta keep taking a tablespoon and pouring the goo over it every few minutes. Then it's moist and easy to swallow. This turkey ought to be a crackerjack. You know they got him from a farmer who lives down the road—no cold storage turk for "A Tortured Gizzard" company. One side, please, I'm going to slide him into the crematory.

(Mollie performs the ceremony while the rest of the company stands round and looks awed. She slams the oven door.)

Director (back to business)—Now folks, every one to the country church interior.

(The company scatters to every corner of the studio. Henry, man-of-all-work settles down to a comfortable nap beside the stove. Fragrant odors rise and bathe his nostrils. From the distance come the curt tones of the director and the wheezy moans of a second-hand melodeon in the church scene.)

Mollie (three hours later)—Come on, folks. I guess I don't have to beg you to sharpen your appetites after the paces that slave driver put us through this morning. Who can smell the dinner?

(Several members of the company stop to sniff the air. While there are no disparaging remarks, it is apparent that they do not find it as fragrant as attar of roses or as appetizing as roast turkey ought to be. Mollie is too excited to notice.)

Mrs. G. (taking her seat)—I've got to carve—it's my business in the picture—and I'm game to do anything once.

Henry (slowly)—It strikes me, Miss Mollie, that this y'ere bird mustn't be so fresh, or something.

Mollie (indignantly)—Fresh! Didn't we get him right off the farm?

Director (sharpening his knife)—What kind of dressing did you put in him, Morris?

Mollie (instantly terror stricken)—Dressing! Oh! Oh, my goodness!

Chorus (anxiously)—Well?

Mollie (almost in tears)—You see, he was all closed up—and I forgot farmers aren't butcher stores—and all he's got in him is his natural stuffing and——

Henry (interrupting, with conviction)—I was sayin there was somethin' about that bird that wasn't exactly fresh, Miss Mollie!

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE SOCIAL TRIANGLE; By O. Henry.

IKEY SNIGGLEFRITZ was a sweatshop worker; yellow faced, narrow chested, addicted to cigarettes. He earned $12 a week.

One pay day afternoon he dropped into a saloon on the corner of the tenement block on his way home. There a crowd of worshippers was gathered around the neighborhood's hero—Billy McMahan, the district leader.

A daring inspiration came to Ikey Snigglefritz. If he could once grasp the hand of this great man he would feel he had not lived in vain. Trembling at his own audacity he stepped forward and held out a set of clammy fingers. McMahan good naturedly shook hands with him.

Ikey Snigglefritz was in the seventh heaven of bliss. He slapped down his entire week's wages on the bar and ordered champagne for everybody. It was a spendthrift act that would leave him dead broke until the next pay day. But Ikey Snigglefritz didn't care. He was very happy.

He had shaken hands with Billy McMahan!

The Boss's Ambition.

Cortlandt Van Duyckink sat at a favored table at Sherry's, with a filet mignon, dry toast and a bottle of Apollonaris in front of him. He was worth eighty million dollars. His social position was exalted beyond measure. And his one desire was to improve the condition of the poor.

Billy McMahan sat at a distant table watching Van Duyckink and noting the deferential glances the other diners cast at him. Billy had social yearnings. It suddenly occurred to him that if he could publicly shake hands with Cortlandt Van Duyckink he would be a made man.

Summoning all his courage he strode across to the reformer's table, right hand outstretched.

"I've heard you was starting some reforms among the poor people down in my district," said Billy. "I'll do all I can to help you."

"Thank you," returned Van Duyckink, accepting the heavy paw. "I shall be very glad of your assistance."

Billy McMahan wanted to order wine for all Fifth Avenue. He was very happy.

He had shaken hands with Cortlandt Van Duyckink!

* * * * * * * * *

Cortlandt Van Duyckink piloted his big gray motor car slowly through the most congested and most squalid street on the lower east side. Everywhere around him he saw poverty, misery, hopelessness.

His heart cried out in great yearning to help these people, to uplift them, to win their sympathy and confidence.

Out of a tenement doorway slouched a yellow faced, narrow-chested youth with a cigarette dangling from one corner of his slack mouth. He was typical of the whole neighborhood.

An Odd Inspiration.

Van Duyckink halted the car, sprang out and hurried over to the youth. With eager hand outstretched he exclaimed:

"I want to help you people! I am going to help you as much as I can."

The youth extricated his limp fingers from the friendly grip and loafed his way down the street. Cortlandt Van Duyckink went back to his car. He was very happy.

He had shaken hands with Ikey Snigglefritz!

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but Error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase.—COLTON.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Chapters From a Bride's Life-Story.

Edited by Janet Trevor.

CHAPTER VI.

JULY 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Soames have left Sandport. I am sorry for them, but I can't help being glad they're gone. For they almost made Ned angry with me.

This is what happened. The air was so cool, the sea so brilliantly blue this morning, that Ned and I decided on a long tramp by the shore. We had gone down to the beach when I found that I had left my parasol in my room. So Ned went back after it.

As I stood waiting for him Mr. Soames appeared alone at the top of the rock-strewn bluff which separates the beach from the roadway. He waved his hat in a friendly fashion and proceeded to pick his way over the stones till he reached me.

"Have you seen Mrs. Soames?" he inquired. "She went down to the post office and asked me to meet her on the beach with a book and cushion."

"Mr. Soames," I began, not daring to let my eyes meet his, "your wife is horribly unhappy. Oh, I know that it isn't my affair, that you'll be very angry with me for speaking to you, but can't you make her forget the time when you hurt her so? Can't you make her trust you again? I know that she loves you devotedly, and if you were very tender, very considerate, perhaps—oh, please forgive me for speaking of it," I finished with a gasp.

"I won't attempt to deny what you tell me, or ask you how you knew about it," he said, an edge of bitterness creeping into his voice. "You are not my wife's first nor her only confidante. I wish things were different; I admit that. But I feel that I'm doing all I can. My wife's suspicions seem ingrained. If I were married to a different type of woman"——

"Oh, I should think you would be ashamed!" a passionate exclamation interrupted him. Turning, I saw Mrs. Soames and my husband, who had approached us unnoticed, their footsteps making no noise in the soft sand, which they had reached by a plank walk built over the rocks further down the beach.

"I can't leave you for a moment, but you must abuse me to some other woman," Mrs. Soames continued furiously. "I have no doubt you were making love to her, too, bride that she is. And I trusted you." She turned on me. "You scheming, soft voiced, baby faced"——

"But I was trying to help you," I cried.

"That will do, Mrs. Soames," came in stern tones from Ned. He drew me to his side. "You will apologize to my wife at once," he added, his eyes very bright and hard.

Then Mrs. Soames burst into tears. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean it," she wailed. "Please forgive me, Mrs. Houghton. You know"——

"Mr. and Mrs. Houghton know that I have a hysterical wife for whose behavior I apologize," Mr. Soames amended, grimly. "They also know now that you and I leave Sandport this afternoon." He swung on his heel and she followed him, stumbling over the rocks which she could scarcely see through her tears.

"Wait, Tom," she pleaded, but the only answer I heard was a muttered, "If you will disgrace me wherever we go!"——

My own eyes were burning, and I turned to Ned for comfort. But he was looking at me queerly, unresponsively, almost angrily.

"What was Soames saying to you?" he demanded.

"Why, nothing, except that he was sorry he couldn't make his wife happy," I stammered. "You see, she told me such a pitiful story last night about how he had deceived her and she had forgiven him, and yet she could never be happy with him. I was sorry for her, Ned, and I spoke to Mr. Soames because we were alone for a moment and I thought if he understood how miserable she was he might do something."

"For heaven's sake, Mollie, why did you meddle with a mess like that?" Ned demanded. "You're not supposed to know about such things. I defended you, of course, to Mrs. Soames, but I hardly blame the woman for being sore. What right had you to talk to another woman's husband about such an intimate matter?"

"But Ned, I wanted to help her," I pleaded.

"Well, just stifle any more such charitable impulses," he retorted. "I don't like to see my wife make a fool of herself."

"Ned, please don't be sarcastic!" I implored. "It hurts me so. I didn't mean to do anything you wouldn't like."

His face cleared, and he smiled his own sunny smile.

"Just consult me next time, little girl," he advised, "before you appeal to some other man."

Of course he's right. And if I suspect that he can be childishly jealous—well, I won't suspect it!

Facts Not Worth Knowing.

By Arthur Baer.

THE egg laid by that twenty-nine-year-old Connecticut hen is no older than an egg laid by a debutante hen.

Even the most careless laborer only makes one mistake with nitroglycerine.

Carefully computed statistics show that the villain generally has it all his own way for the first 876 feet of film.

As a rule the American public would rather see soprano than baritone toe dancers.

At one time it took six weeks to cross the ocean. Now you can get across in six days—if you get across.